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What y'u gwine t' do fo' June month? Jerusalem Jerusalem.
Pull off y'u coat an' go t' work—Jerusalem Jerusalem.
June month's a ha'd month—Jerusalem Jerusalem.
Jerusalem in de mornin'—Jerusalem Jerusalem.

Floyd sang several variations of the central theme, but as he said himself, "This is enough!" Janey's song was practically the same except that she substituted "Zion" for "Jerusalem."

You mus' pray ha'd—June a ha'd month
June month a sailin'—Oh, Zion O Zion.
What y'u do fo' June month?
Y'u pull off y'u coat an' go t' work—Oh, Zion O Zion.

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In her "Reminiscences" Mrs. Conrad tells how meal was ground on Broughton Island in a Biblical handmill: "Large stones with a hole in the uppermost one that connected it with the roof of the shed in which it stood,[28] held a stout pole. The women would take hold of this piece of wood and turn the stone with a celerity and ease that was surprising. I can shut my eyes now at any time, and hear the whirring of the stones, the soft rustle of the meal as it fell in the basket placed to receive it and the sound of the women's voices singing at the mill." However, from this scanty description, I could not visualize how the mill worked until Belle Murray of St. Simon's explained that a large block of wood supported the stones; that the lower stone was held in place through the use of a bar of iron called a "spindle"—about one and one-half inches square and eighteen inches long—and that it fitted into an auger hole in the timber underneath. It appears that after the square piece of iron had made the lower stone secure, it abruptly ended in a half-inch bolt, about three inches long, which went through a round hole in a rectangular piece of iron, about two and one-half inches by three and one-half inches and half-an-inch thick, called a "frog." The corn was fed into the round hole in the stone above the frog; three holes of varying depth and width—chipped out of the top stone only about three inches from its rim—regulated the fineness or coarseness of the meal through shifting the pole from one hole to another. A wedge was also put under the stones to tilt them when one wanted the mill to run more easily. According to Mrs. Conrad,

[28] *In all probability a hole in an overhead beam engaged the upper end of the pole at the time its lower end—on a slant—was moving the stone with "celerity and ease."*

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252 the meal fell into a basket, but I still cannot see how this was possible when the
256 stones were circular. Belle says that her mill was set up in a box and the meal fell
402 into it.

I go into detail because no one has told me so clearly as Belle how the work was done. She obligingly sold me the mill that came from Butler's Point where she was born, and said: "I wish I had a dollar for every mess of grits I've ground in it." Lonnie Davis says he knows how to set it up, and soon I hope to be grinding enough meal at the Cabin to supply Belle's needs and mine.

533 A colored man who used to be a "shack-rouser" at a railroad camp on the
461 Georgia Central Line sang these warning lines before he gave the rat-a-tat-tat, with
539 a stick, on the different doors.

Wake up buddy
An' sit on the rock
It ain't quite day
But it's four o'clock
Rata-tat-tat!

Next door:
Hey buddy
It's hard but it's fair
You had a good home
But you wouldn't stay there
Rata-tat-tat!

And the next:
I had a little kitten
He grow to be a mouser
Yonder come
That cruel shack-rouser
Rata-tat-tat!

534 Shad Hall, who lives on Sapelo, showed me how the conch was blown in olden
533 times to get the hands out to work before day. It was a joy to find that the musical
202 note I had heard on the Riviera was used in this country in spite of Thomas Spald-
199 ing's dislike of music. His antipathy was such that he banned all instruments—except one fiddle which was retained for dancing. It is just possible that Mr. Spalding's attitude resulted in the same reaction among the Sapelo Negroes as was seen among those of the Quaker community in which I was born. In neither section did the Negroes hear much of the white folks' music, and for that reason, perhaps, they relied upon their traditional tunes more than they would have otherwise.